



ANDERSON COLLEGE

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Art and Literary Magazine

Invasion of the Minivans

There's a conspiracy taking shape at our house. All the women who live here have decided collectively that what this family needs is ... dare I speak the word ... a minivan.

Of course there's nothing wrong with owning a minivan—if you enjoy driving a Kenmore refrigerator with wheels. Minivans are the ultimate in cute, which is my wife's primary reason for wanting one. "I like the way this model looks," she says in all seriousness, completely ignoring all other factors, such as price. She also ignores the fact that her favorite minivan is built by the same motor company that I have sworn never to patronize even if she should hang me upside down and let all the blood rush into my head, causing my eyeballs to bug out.

"You can't buy a vehicle simply because it's cute!" say I, the once proud owner of a perky little lime-green Chevy Vega with mag wheels and the rear end jacked up. (I was young.)

At this point in the discussion, her tactical reasoning kicks in, and she is likely to offer that the minivan is a very practical vehicle for today's on-the-go family.

"But we already have a practical family car," I counter, referring, of course, to the 1977 Oldsmobile Delta Custom Cruiser Family Truckster Station Wagon, Limited Edition. I can look out the kitchen window and see it resting there in all its glory: blue with wood grain siding (well, it used to look like wood grain siding), a little faded on the hood (not unlike the graying temples of venerable middle-aged college professor), 130,000 miles on the odometer and still going strong (well, technically, still going). Yes, a fine automobile.

The Family Truckster was built when cars were cars, men were men, and the word "minivan" sounded like a contradiction in terms, like "jumbo shrimp," and "Congressional ethics."

There are many advantages to owning an older car like the Family Truckster. For instance, when you drive this large automobile down a busy metropolitan street (such as those we find in the vicinity of Skin's Hotdogs in Anderson), people in minivans pull their vehicles over to the side of the road and stop when they see you coming. These drivers are showing respect for a classic automobile, and not, as my wife insists, trying to protect their paint jobs from the Truckster.

Not that the Family Truckster couldn't hold its own in a fender-bender, mind you. Make no mistake: no matter how seductive her sleek lines, the Truckster is in fact a Sherman tank with a luggage rack. BMW's have been known to take their chances with a guard rail when confronted with a sudden lane shift by the Truckster.

Another advantage to owning a fine vehicle like the Family Truckster is that it serves as a storage facility for your children. When you take them to school, or church, or grandma's house, they carry with them all the dolls, pocketbooks, pads and crayons they can scoop up on the way out the back door. They then dump this stuff in the floor of the car, where it can fossilize under the intense pressure of more dolls, pocketbooks, pads and crayons in as little as two years. When your child wants to know where the ant farm is she got for Christmas last year, you reply, "I don't know, honey. Have you looked in the car?" Chances are, it's there—somewhere.

One final advantage is that the Family Truckster is paid for, an argument which even my wife has a hard time countering.

"Yes, you're probably right," she sighs, even as she and the other two female persons in our house retreat to plot their next offensive.

Someone help me. Please.

Butch Blume

Cumberland

Let there be a time
for solitude--
To dream about
a quiet place--
Of the movement of the sea,
and the distant rustle of wind
upon the marsh.

I'd like to sit upon the bluff
watching sunset spread its
golden rays--
And timeless waves caress the beach,
leaving drops of water glistening
like diamonds in the sand.

Cumberland, my isle of dreams
let time not take its toll on you,
and man not leave you
helpless as a child.
Secret and untouched
may you always be,
My golden isle
never change for me.

For I will return one day
to walk your sandy shore,
Feel your gentle breeze
upon my face once more.
I'll sit upon your grassy dune
as sunlight fades away,
To rest upon your virgin beach
until the break of day.

Sharon Buchanan

To all my friends, my family
And all who have ever cared
 Though I speak it to only a few
I am grateful to you
 From the bottom of my heart.
As the days go by
 My life's pages are turned
And I must not forget those who cared
 The people in my life that were true.
Companions and Acquaintances
 That made me see
There is more to myself yet to be learned
 Not to give up hope
For love will find the way.
 To all who come and go
Throughout my life
 I will never overlook
The things that you have done.
 These words are not many
But they make the world go around
 From the chamber hidden within my heart
I say the words eternally in my mind
 I LOVE YOU.

Parker Sanders

If you
only knew
how many times
I have watched you.
Every word you
casually toss
at me
is locked in
my head.
Every time
you say my
name
I start shaking.
And every time
you smile
I wonder what
is really going on
behind those
blue eyes.
But something
in my heart
says I don't
really want to
to know
because it just might
make me stop shaking.

Vanessa Crockett

Take Five

Idea! Quickly, it conjures up an image
and carefully places it on the screen.
Only I am able to see the pictures
 before me, appearing just on
the inside of my eye.

 Action! Like a movie, the pictures
pass through my mind. I enjoy these
private showings.
However, not only am I the audience,
I am the writer and director.
It goes my way, or it dosen't go. Power!

 Hello? Is anybody in there?
Rudely, I am distracted and drawn out
 into the open.
Slowly, reality comes back into focus.
the light almost blinding.
But real life never lasts long.
I'll be back in my director's chair
 in about five minutes.

Anna Sweatman

Shattered Dream

Memories of our childhood linger somewhere in the deep recesses of our mind. On certain occasions those same smells, feelings of happiness, fear, or pain return to haunt us, gripping our heart, soul, and mind for a moment or two. It is ironic how as a child we can dream of a fantasy and one day the fantasy finally becomes a reality. Yet, somehow in our child's mind the reality still seems a dream.

Amy was one such dreamer. Standing in front of an antique oak dresser mirror in her mother's spiked heels, face and lips painted red for her next glorious adventure, she was a lovely young girl of five. Amy dreamt she was a ballerina, perhaps a heroine in an old movie. Anything her fragile heart desired she portrayed with confidence, depth, and sincerity. Her petite features and precious love for life overwhelmed her in a loveliness of much more than physical nature but of a deep internal beauty. A dream was about to take root, grow, and blossom into a tender rosebud of creativity never to be forgotten.

At a very young age she developed a deep appreciation for the arts. Books, movies, dance, and especially music held a strong fascination for her. Sometimes Amy's older brother Alex would read in his expressive manner the Aesop Fables or Uncle Arthur's bedtime stories, while she and her younger sister, Sholan, listened intently lying back on their mother's shiny hardwood floor in the family room. Amy's young heart leapt with a restlessness, anticipating the day she would recite a poem, dance in a ballet, or perhaps become a concert pianist. The pride she would see in her parents' eyes, and her lovely mother's face smiling with grand approval.

Pianos in particular held a magnetic attraction, for Amy could not resist the temptation to gently touch the keys whenever afforded the opportunity. It was as though something drew her near, and she felt a personal attachment to this musical masterpiece. In her mind's eye she would be sitting with elegance before an audience playing a soft romantic song.

Finally, the day arrived when a dream became reality. Amy played the "Battle Hymn of the Republic" for her fourth grade class on her plastic white flute. Amy's music teacher, Mr. Matheny, was pleased. Her next instrument would be a shiny clarinet. Elated with a sense of pride and the desire and eagerness to learn, Amy began playing that fall with the fifth grade band at McIver Elementary School.

Mr. Matheny corrected and complimented Amy's lessons. He remarked she had an ear for music. Practice was more like reading a Nancy Drew mystery, and cleaning her clarinet made it more precious to her. But the happiness of those months seemed to be gone in an instant, only to be a memory. Pain and dissolution crept silently in and locked the door. Despair filled Amy's heart, and pools of bitter tears filled her once bright eyes. Her father had come to pay a visit to Mr. Matheny. Muffled voices. Had she done something wrong? Was someone ill at home? Her father stood there explaining for what seemed like an eternity in his intelligent, direct manner.

"How are you Mr. Matheny? Joseph Goodmann here sir. I would like to speak with you concerning my daughter Amy."

"Yes, of course, Mr. Goodmann. Amy is doing quite well in music."

"I'm pleased; however, I'm sorry, Mr. Matheny, but something of a personal nature has

come up and Amy must stop lessons immediately. Perhaps she can resume clarinet lessons at a later date."

"I'm very sorry to hear this, Mr. Goodmann; Amy is an excellent student."

With that reply Amy wanted to run far away and hide. But where? There was no place to go. Would Mr. Matheny be upset with her and think it was all her fault? Deep inside Amy felt as if her life were crushing beneath her. All of her happiness had turned to bitterness. She wanted to scream, "I hate you daddy. Why are you doing this to me?" As he walked toward her, Amy could not whisper a sound. She felt a numbness, a cold emptiness in her soul. Amy could only wonder why she had to stop music lessons.

Fear and pride welled up within her, and she dared not ask him why this was happening. Twenty-three years have passed and she has never asked her father why she had to stop lessons, nor has Amy attempted to pursue the clarinet again.

Amy has wondered many times what she might have become had she been allowed to continue the music she loved, and why was it she could not ask her father for an explanation. It is too late to go back, and all these years have not quite healed the pain.

But Amy still has a dream, and even though it is too late for the dream she had when she was a young girl standing in front of her mother's mirror, it is not too late for the woman standing in front of her own mirror.

Angela Richey

Friends

Some friends are old and some are new,
but how many have been there for you?

When you were down and out,
who came to see what the trouble was all about?

When you needed that extra hand,
who was kind enough to understand?

A true friend is always there,
willing to listen and to share.

A true friend will never let you down,
when you need them they are always around.

Vonda Priestester

I remember,

A grandmother who gave us the run of
her house,

Who would spend a morning raking leaves
into a big pile and let us scatter them
and laugh with us--
and rake them up again.

Whose home was an electric collection of
old treasures and still is and a marvel to see.

I remember,

A grandfather who was quiet and strong,

Who bent to labor to provide for his family
and believed enough in himself and his
God to become a success--a living legend.

Who would take us camping in the mountains

Whose flexed bicep would make Popeye run scared
but wrapped around a little girl was the warmest
and safest place in the world.

I remember,

A grandmother who loved to dress up and
go shopping all day,

And who would take me with her to
visit distant relatives and show me off.

I remember her chocolate cake, apple pie
and how at her house the fried
chicken always had two and sometimes
three pulley bones.

I remember,

A grandmother whose sweet prayers could
bring down heaven

A grandmother who'd always sort out
her pocketbooks, old gloves, and jewelry
for my sisters and me to play "dress up"

Who taught me to sew, and cook and
diaper my babies.

I remember,

A grandfather with a quiet, calm nature
and a kind word for everyone

Who would sit in his chair and doze through
ball games, cartoons, and "rough housing" but-
would awaken at the slightest rattle or
aroma from the kitchen

I remember --

And I smile

Joni Redding



Angela Hall

Ink Drawing



Angie Martin

Collage



Bart Barfield

Photogram



Donnie Henderson

Pastel Drawing



Brady Richman

Mixed Media Drawing



Angie Martin

Photograph



Leslie Tester

Colored Pencil Design



Bill Turner

Photograph

20th Birthday Wish

I did not want a party
I did not ask for any gifts
I hoped to spend time alone
That was my only wish

School came too soon
Summer is far from ending
August was a lazy month
They told me I am no longer a child

O'Riley's waste land ends today
Tomorrow I will have only to look back
I hoped to look back alone
Instead time is spent in preparation

No time to take aside
A few days in quiet solitude
That was my only wish
Dashed upon foundations of tomorrow

I had it planned out perfectly
A little food, a book, and sleeping bag
The mountain I would climb all day
Sleep under the stars and Eclipse to see

Awake in the morning to dawn's bright eye
Commune with One in the cathedral pine
Lay by the brookside that falls from overhead
Something to enjoy alone with me

The dinner was filling
The sweater was pretty
The brain screams in pain
What a way to turn twenty

Glenn A. Tatum

A New Nation

This is the conclusion of life as we knew it and is the beginning of A NEW NATION. I, James R. Barrow, am a reporter at the national security association for international affairs. The following information is a summary of the folklore of new Earth.

The year is 7665 in a black hole, while the year is 2015 in Earth time. The people have been accelerated 365 times faster than the old nation. In accordance with this a year in the black hole is a day in Earth time.

The disappearance of Voyager was caused by the black hole. Voyager was a top secret mission sent by the U.S. & U.S.S.R. to discover new life, to ride the cosmos for five hundred years or till we found life.

While we passed through the black hole our ship was under-going a new transformation. This day we became transformed. Our ship was totally destroyed in the gravitational force of the black hole. The instruments recorded 120 G's of force. One G force is equivalent to one times the object's weight. The changes that have occurred to us since we left planet Earth are amazing. Then while the ship was being destroyed, our brains and bodies were being altered.

We were a thousand strong in number; half of us were men and the other half were women. Suddenly, we found ourselves drifting toward the closest object. It turned out to be a planet, cold as ice, with no weather, atmosphere, or light. Survival was easy as our mind's mental control could do more than enough to survive on this planet. Our bodies now hover two feet above the ground. Anything that comes toward our bodies without us knowing it is automatically deflected without a thought. The mutation must have caused us to have instinctive mental shields. The planet was often being bombarded by meteor showers. This gave us the knowledge of our mental shields.

Also, not one of the New Nation people has been sick or died since the mutation. Our bodies do not resemble human bodies at all. You can tell the men from the women if you look closely. The men tend to have a more bluish tint and women a white tint. We have six eyes, and they can all move a different way. Even with all these eyes we can still see color.

Our heads kind of look like bowling balls. Life is sustained for us by our minds drawing in radio waves out of the air. The reason for this is because our bodies are totally made up of energy pulses. Our heads are the only part of our bodies made of something different.

The head part has a glass looking force field around the brain. The brain is made up of more pure light, that swirls in a perfect circle. The rest of the body glows a blue and white. Colors tend to be stronger in accordance to which sex the New Nation is. These colors are fixed and are not swirling around like the brain is.

As far as we know that energy will never cease. We have six arms. On each hand we have twelve fingers. Even with the extra appendages it is still hard to keep up with our brains. Our brains now use 1000% capacity to our old 2%. It is great. Everybody is now bonded together by a force greater than life. This lifeline force is called ESP. Everyone can see everything that another person knows, so it is like opening a book with a labeled index.

In 7895 there was a hole about the size of a quarter at the gate of the black hole. In New Nation time, the year 9000 would be the end of the black hole system. As soon as the gate shut completely the black hole system would collapse into nothingness. That same year they sent an urgent message that Earth had to respond to. The message reads something like this:

To Earth from the New Nation

"This message is being piped out of a black hole. This is the New Nation. We came from Earth in 1995 your time. Our system is in danger of extinction so we need to come back to Earth. We give you a hundred days to answer. If you do not answer, we will come

to your planet and change life to our specifications. If you do answer a yes, we will come and live in peace and harmony. To answer, each country thinks of a yes or no. Your destiny lies in your mind's thought. Since this message was sent by ESP, we will know the decision as soon as you think it."

Earth's Response

"Just in case this is not a hoax, we will let your New Race come to our planet if your race will decide to live in peace and harmony."

With that the New Nation came to Earth. The race is well accepted. One reason is, they came from earth to begin with. We have been on Earth three months. It is like Earth has jumped into the future age. Now the seas have buildings in them. We can go around the Earth in thirty minutes. The world now lives in peace; jealousy is gone and wonder and splendor have taken its place. All the diseases are being cured. It is hard to believe but even with all this knowledge GOD THE ALMIGHTY is still put first in everything. It is like the increase in knowledge makes your belief stronger in the Christian Religion. Stay alert for the next world update, till then, later.

James R. Barrow, Jr.

Wedding Prayer

I grow daily from your colors,
Caressing the canvas of my life;
Each pastel morning quickens
With splashes of red and green and gold,
Your tender strokes the breath of love.

Paint me now into the watercolor of your soul,
Kneeling in silence beneath a crystal sky,
With amber sunlight like a waterfall cascading
Through your trembling willow arms,
Color me root-deep in memory
Until we are time and sky and sun,
While night holds perpetually
Beyond the scarlet mountains.

Bob Hanley

Untouchable . . .

I see you standing there,
but you're a hundred
miles away.
God, how I wish I could
touch you--
I just want to see your face.
There are times when I want
to hold you
But you are too far away.

Every time we get close,
one of us must go away.
You tell me that you love me
and you'll show me day
after day.

I like to look into your eyes
I want to know just how
much you care.
I wish that you could promise
me that we'd always be
together.
But I know that is impossible.

It could never happen.

Our friendship has grown
into something bigger and
greater than we ever expected.
But our love won't always
be there between us; to guide
us and protect us.

I wish that I could hold you
here now and never let you go.
But I can't have you forever,
sometime I'll have to let you go.

Whenever we're together, we're
inseparable.
Now that we're miles apart,
sometimes I feel you're untouchable.

I don't know who to turn to
or where in the world I
should go.

There is just one thing I
must tell you and then
I'll let you go.

I want you to know how hard
this is for me.
Just thinking about it
isn't easy.

I love you with all of
my heart
And I'm always here if
you need me.

Beth Johnson

Cynthia:

There is something I desire to be
and that is to be a raindrop
falling from the grey-blue sky,
I'd accidently fall into her
deep blue eye, she'd blink...
She'd look into a mirror
and I would watch myself
caress her rosy cheek;
She'd wipe her now tear,
which was me,
and I'd dry into her tender hand
and be with her forever.

Jephrey Kight

One Horrific Night

A True Story

It was late in the evening when the party ended. The last of my guests had left, and I was finally alone. I value time spent with friends but, equally as much, I value time to myself. What had been, moments before, a house full of talking, yelling, and laughing was now a house of silence. A relaxing type of quiet that was massaging my emotions like the hand of a master masseuse.

I had just settled in my easychair when I noticed that a previously moonlit sky had turned pitch black. It was mid-July and thunderstorms were a common occurrence, so I turned on the television and aimed my attention toward the screen. Faint flashes of light would softly brighten the sky, and each was followed by gentle nudges of thunder as the storm grew near. The trees began swaying slightly from side to side as the wind moved them at will. Raindrops began tapping the roof in a slow rhythm, and then, as if someone were slowly turning up a metronome, the tempo increased again and again. From a slow tapping to a fierce pounding, the rain hammered the house like that of a thousand carpenters. The wind increased, bending trees seemingly made of rubber. I can well imagine what war must be like as bombs of thunder exploded nearby. Nature cracks her whip of lightning, punishing, without mercy, anything in its path. Flashes of light so bright, I thought God must be photographing the earth.

Then, without warning, nature snaps her whip dangerously close knocking out all the power to my house and deadening the telephone. I cannot go out or call for help. I am in prison and nature is the prison guard. Except for the light her whip provides, I am in total darkness. I pray to God to weaken this awesome display of power and to move it on. My prayers were answered. Exploding thunder slowly returned to gentle nudges of sound. Bright flashes became faint pulsations of light. The rain decreased from a solid pounding to a gently tapping and the wind, from a lion's roar to a soft whisper. The moon returned to its rightful place in the sky, brushing on the land a blanket of soft white light. The silence returned, but it is now different. The quiet is now at a deafening level. There is still no power and the telephone remains dead. I am not worried because I have lived here a long time and know every inch of this house, even in the dark. I remain in my easychair waiting patiently for things to return to normal.

The sound of my heart beating captures my attention. I can even hear eyelashes brush against each other as my eyes blink. Then, I hear a noise from within the house, and I cannot pinpoint its origin. The voice of reasoning inside my head tells me it's my imagination. I hear the noise again, still not able to tell where it is coming from. The voice inside my head is now a broken record repeating its message over and over again. I remain motionless. The house is old and the floor sometimes creaks when walked on, but there is no one here other than me and I haven't moved. I hear a third noise, closer this time. The voice of reasoning is now replaced with the thought that I may not be alone. All the horror movies I had ever seen were running rampant through my mind. My heart made sure his presence was felt by pounding out beats in explosive proportions. Then, I hear a noise I not only could pinpoint, but also describe. It was directly behind me and resembled the sound a pistol makes when its hammer is being pulled back. I was frozen by an icy cold chill that covered my body like a blanket. Normal body functions ceased to exist. I could not move, speak, or even blink my eyes.

Suddenly, the mouth of silence opened wide and belted out a sound louder than anything I could imagine. It stayed constant and never diminished in volume ringing ever excessively in my ears. My body grew numb. I could feel myself leaving my present state of consciousness while the sound remained constant. I entered another dimension leaving the fear behind. The painful noise that had engulfed my hearing moments earlier had followed and was challenging my sanity. I would give anything to stop this God-forsaken

sound. There was only one way to do it. I leaned over, turned off my alarm clock, and went back to sleep.

Stephen P. Cater

"In Your Eyes"

In your eyes I see the world;
A place of beauty and love.
In your eyes I see the Heaven's;
God's world above.

Sometimes I find a mysterious look,
Or a hint of a pensive thought.
Then you look into my eyes,
And you know it's me you've caught.

You don't realize the power you have:
To look, to feel, to love.
All this you do with your eyes
As quietly and innocently as a dove.

In your eyes I can see your thoughts
Of pain, sorrow, or joy.
I hope I can learn to comfort you,
Like a mother to her little boy.

You make me laugh, smile, and cry.
All with your eyes you do.
When you look into my eyes
I know that I Love You!

Sharon Keaton

Birth Of A Monarch

Rainbow of life

Cast prisms of violet and amber,
As glistening tears of diamonds greet the morning.
The deadness of winter
Was spent by time,
Spring comes once more.

The blossoms of life are dawning
Crowned by nature's emerald jewels,
No longer still in a merlin sleep
Awakened--
By the fluttering of music in the air.

Isolated angel of innocence
Concealed in a web of darkness.
Now stirred by the gentlest touch,
For no tomb was built to contain
The wonder of life within.

Fly away--
With your kaleidoscoped wings,
For you have been reborn...
From a shrouded existence
In a lowly cocoon,
Burst forth--
A monarch butterfly!

Floating on a breath of breeze
Kissed by the suns glimmering rays,
Beyond our horizon
To your enchanted kingdom,
Sit proudly on your golden throne
For the world awaits...

Sharon Buchanan

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